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Shadow Land.

SOFTLY as the skylark's call
Across the foggy meadow-land,
The bells of fancy rise and fall
In dream-life and in shadow land.
The chimes ring faint and low,
The folk move vague and slow,
Child memories come and go
In shadow land.

Swiftly as the bursting streams
Leap through the age-cleft mountain-side,
The slumber life that we call dreams
Bears age to childhood's fountain side.
And waters blue and clear
Where elfish faces peer,
Are far, far off, yet near,
In shadow land.

Some Thoughts about the "Merchant."

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

WELL do I remember it as the very beginning of my acquaintance with Shakspeare; one of the dearest acquaintances I have ever made, and which has been to me a source of more pleasure and profit than I should dare undertake to tell." That modest but able critic of Shakspeare, Dr. Henry Hudson, sums up his appreciation of "The Merchant of Venice" in the words which I have just quoted. I am not sure that he stands alone in this regard, for this is undoubtedly the first of Shakspeare's plays to fall into the schoolboy's hands. Who has not conned in childhood, before he knew the gigantic worth of their author, those incomparable lines of Portia, pleading with the heart

of Shylock, calloused with appalling hatred:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath?"

The speech beginning with these words is among the finest poetry of any age. It is hard for one to understand how Shylock could have resisted such eloquence—eloquence born of the lips of Portia too.

There can be little doubt that "The Merchant of Venice" has had a larger circle of readers, and is more deeply loved by them, than any other of Shakspeare's art works. The learned professor who imparts his knowledge from the college rostrum, sympathizes with Antonio's misfortunes, loves the peerless Portia, and despises the unhappy Shylock, as does the humble pedagogue of a district school, who lives out his uneventful life in the crude atmosphere of reading, writing and arithmetic. The only difference between the two is the difference in their capacity for appreciating the poet. The power of comprehending Shakspeare is relative. Perhaps there have not been two men that have understood him in an equal degree.

The many claims of this drama to so deserved a popularity are readily seen in the multitudinous charms which unfold their beauty on every page, like the unfolding of the luxuriant petals of a June rose. The noble Antonio, the prototype of ideal friendship and the embodiment of good fellowship, is the first person we meet in the opening scene. He is the companion of such men as Salanio, Salarino and Bassanio, and at once you judge him to be a gentleman; for one is known by the company he keeps, according to the trite adage. But Antonio is more than a gentleman of the world: he is a brave and true friend; a frank and fearless enemy. His relations with Bassanio present

some of the more beautiful characteristics of true friendship. The superb composure and resignation that he displays when undergoing the direst loss, places Antonio somewhat above the level of ordinary men.

He is a charming entertainer, and he is always the central figure of his select group of companions. What is admirable, above all other things, in Antonio's character is that perfect consistency with himself. When, in that time of extreme danger, he is on the stand for his life, the sound made by Shylock's whetting the knife—which the Jew thinks will cut a pound of the Merchant's flesh—does not fill Antonio with terror. In fact, one cannot but marvel at the coolness he displays, when the dread sentence was passed against him. The praise of Antonio's many noble traits might be increased, but I have said enough in his honor to show that what I have to say against him has not arisen from any prejudice. When one finds so perfect a type as Antonio it is always well to give his actions very close examination. For what human being has escaped entirely the taint that discolored the primitive beauty of our common parents, excepting, of course, the Mother of God? It is my opinion that Antonio has sufficiently identified himself as Adam's offspring in his treatment of the Jew.

No proof can be produced strong enough to justify Antonio in this regard. Apart from the motive of Christian charity, which alone should have actuated him to nobler conduct in his relations with Shylock, I maintain that Antonio violated all gentlemanly principles, which are universal and belong to no age in particular, when he stooped to that vulgar plane of spitting upon and calling a fellow-being vile names. Dr. Hudson, who admires Antonio ardently, blames the times in which he lived more than the Merchant himself. There is some truth in this. The age was indeed intensely hostile to the Jews. Add to this the fact that the churchmen of those days were strongly opposed to usury. As the clergy exercised no little influence over the people, it can be readily seen why the Jews were so heartily disliked, for they were chief among usurers. Even with all this I still hold that Antonio should not have allowed custom to enslave him thus.

One can fancy Shylock kicked about from childhood, like a dog, by the so-called Christians, and as he grew to man's estate, there grew with him, deep in his heart's core, as a part of his nature, in fact, an intense and undying hatred towards his oppressors. He had

only one weapon by whose use he could cope, in some degree, with Christians—that weapon was money. Hence all his mighty energies were bent upon its accumulation. He followed the trade of his race, and lent out money with the expectation of a return for its use. Shylock was hard on those who were not able to pay him at the appointed time. Antonio had often saved some poor bankrupt from Shylock's clutches, and on this account, perhaps, the Jew's hate for Antonio is chiefly based. But this was not the only motive that prompted Shylock to seek the Merchant's life.

Human nature is much the same in Jew and Gentile. Who does not feel more pained when his person is insulted, his religion reviled, and his nation contemned, than when his plans for money-getting have been frustrated? This, in my opinion, is Shylock's case. When Antonio, then, is forced through circumstances to seek the Jew for a loan of three thousand ducats, Shylock's heart is glad, for, perchance, his hatred may be gratified. He has said: "If I could get him once upon the hip, I would feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him." Heretofore one naturally puts Shylock down as an avaricious fellow, utterly devoid of anything that might smack of feeling. But his words to Antonio in regard to the loan reveal the heart of a human being torn by "Christian" insult; but it is also just to add that it discloses a heart poisoned by avarice:

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help;
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys; you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?"

This is the acme of sarcasm, and it plainly shows, from the manner in which Shylock insists upon the affronts offered him, that he has felt the keenest pain. Unquestionably Shylock was very guilty; but, from many of his words, this guilt received its birth in almost as great a degree from insult as from his avaricious nature. One of the most artistic scenes in this play is that in which Shylock and Tubal

hold converse. It discloses Shylock's two strong passions admirably—hatred for Antonio and love of gold. Tubal tells him of the Merchant's losses at sea, and, with glittering eyes and quickening breath, the Jew is almost insane with diabolical delight. He is so overjoyed that he does such an incongruous thing as thank God for Antonio's losses. Then his heart is cast down at the recital of Jessica's extravagance, in her lavish expenditure of his ducats at Genoa:—"Thou stick'st me with a dagger." But when Shylock learns that Jessica has parted with his turquoise, for a monkey, he shows more feeling. This was his dead wife's gift to him. I have always preferred to believe that Shylock's avarice in this instance is made subservient to real human feeling. Surely that ring ought to bring back many happy reminiscences of his beloved one. It is very likely that I am wrong, however; but I have never been able to make Shylock out an utter villain. "Thou torturest me, Tubal; it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

In each successive scene we have some new phase of Shylock's many-sided character presented; but undoubtedly the trial scene offers the most fruitful field for study in this regard. Shylock supposes, with supreme complacency, that his unquenchable hate is about to be satiated with a pound of human flesh. He is well aware there can be no possibility that his bond will not be paid. He knows that if Venice wishes to retain her reputation for justice, she must award him the Merchant's heart's blood. He cannot see how the wisdom of Portia will turn the law against him. Hence he is arrogant and quite capable of arguing with the Duke or Portia about his bond. In refusing an amount of ducats, many times exceeding the principal offered by Bassanio, he shows that his revenge is even dearer to him than gold. This reply to Bassanio is decisive: "If every ducat in six thousand ducats were in six parts, and every part a ducat, I would not draw them. I would have my bond." This makes it more clear to me that Shylock's wounded feelings played no small part in his conduct toward Antonio. Shylock thinks himself to be in the fulness of his strength, and he laughs to scorn the pleadings of Bassanio and Portia and the cutting remarks of Gratiano alike.

What a terrible collapse then does he undergo when Portia, finding him deaf to all entreaty, turns the letter of the law against him! His

whole nature is utterly crushed; and like a great oak falls heavily to the earth by the strokes of the woodman's ax, so does the colossal spirit of the Jew fall within him never to rise. Shylock is now a pitiable object. His fortune gone, robbed and deserted by an only daughter, his pride humiliated by accepting his life at the hands of the Duke, he departs to live out his old age in poverty and desolation.

It would not be just to pass over the most attractive character in the whole play, and, in fact, one of the grandest women of all literature—the gentle, but profoundly intellectual, Portia. She is the peer in learning to the deepest of Shakspeare's scholars. Her mind is wide and her philosophy deep and correct. But these intellectual endowments are not what attract us most, for there is another quality in the personality of Portia that will captivate as long as time may be. It is that indefinable something which is conspicuous in the character of every true woman. Portia is infinitely more gifted than her Lord Bassanio, but does not, on this account, as so many of our modern women like to do, wish to reverse the natural order of things, and rule the household. She gracefully submits the government of the family to her husband.

Portia is always admirable. She retains her composure and good humor even when the ugly Prince of Morocco is about to seal her fate or his. The other vain suitors go to their several dooms and Portia looks on with apparent indifference. She only shows some uneasiness when Bassanio comes to cast his lot on the caskets. She would not have her love choose wrong. But Portia's perfections are best shown in that same trial scene in which Shylock meets his fate. Her womanly appeal to the Jew in that "divine outburst of eloquence,"—to which allusion has been made in this paper—shows the finest qualities of a woman's heart. In passing sentence upon the stubborn Shylock, she is an inexorable judge.

The minor characters of a Shaksperian drama are not to be lightly passed; for the poet never uses a character for the mere purpose of filling space. Each person has his own work to perform in the progress of the action, which individualizes him to a very marked degree. So those in "The Merchant of Venice," whom we call minor characters on account of the giganticness of the leading ones, would in any modern drama be immeasurably great. Bassanio naturally claims our attention because

he is a chief force which leads up to the exciting trial scene. My estimate of Bassanio has never been great. To me he seems very selfish. Although he protests loudly that Antonio shall not sign any bond for him, in which the Merchant's life might be jeopardized, nevertheless Antonio signs it. The gap between Bassanio and Portia is very wide, from whatever view-point one may take, whether it be intellectual or moral. Still we are glad to see him rather than any other of that host of suitors choose the casket which contains the picture of Portia. It has, however, always struck me that Antonio and Portia would have been the proper match. But who can formulate arbitrary laws in love matters? We can only congratulate Bassanio upon his excellent good fortune.

Salanio and Salarino are men more after the Antonio type. We do not find them wielding such a mighty influence upon the action of the drama as Shylock, but their presence is nevertheless felt throughout the entire play. They are quiet gentlemen whose lives are marked by no boisterous or vulgar action. They are besides loyal friends to Antonio. Gratiano is the direct opposite of these two worthy men. I will not say that he is not altogether devoid of a gentleman's good breeding, but he has a fine disregard for conventions. His nature is especially talkative, and his pungent wit, hurled without mercy upon the head of Shylock, forms pleasing features of the drama.

Lorenzo and Jessica form a pretty by-plot to the Merchant that is somewhat episodic. The atmosphere in which we find them lends enchantment to their career. Shakspeare uses them to give expression to some of the finest lyrical poetry I have ever found even in Shakspeare. What an exquisite love-scene is that in which the Jewess and Gentile are the principals in Portia's Belmont home. Shakspeare with supreme art has led us gently from that awful tragic height of the trial down into the pleasant valley of love and quiet. Here is one passage that has ever been favored. Soft music is playing and the lovers listen with enraptured appreciation:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such music is in immortals souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it."

The unity of a drama is undoubtedly the most important element, from a technical point of view, through which the composition can deserve to be called a work of art. In this respect "The Merchant of Venice" is admirable. The many causes and effects therein contained are linked together in an unbroken and perfect chain. I can certainly not do better than give Dr. Hudson's views touching this same point. He says:

"I ought not to close without remarking what a wide diversity of materials this play reconciles and combines. One can hardly realize how many things are here brought together, they are ordered in such perfect concert and harmony. The greatness of the work is thus hidden in its fine proportions: Admirable as may be the skill displayed in the characters individually considered, the interweaving of so many several plots without the least confusion or embarrassment evinces a still higher mastership. For many and various as are the forms and aspects of life here shown, they all emphatically live together, as if they all had but one vital circulation."

"Red Head"

ANDREW SAMMON.

We were sitting in Matt Casey's billiard hall one evening during race-week, in Fargo, North Dakota, watching a matched game between two of the best pool-players in the city.

"Will you look at that!" said my friend, Tom Burns, as the door opened admitting two tall country youths. The first of the two was over six feet in height and under twenty years of age. His clothes were of the cheapest material, and might have fitted him two years previously; he wore a soft, wide-rimmed, white hat, with a brown leather band, and was one of those customers eagerly sought by the street "fakir." His companion was, perhaps, twelve years of age, a rugged, healthy boy, poorly dressed also and dirty; yet behind the dirt he had a handsome face. They walked shyly around the tables and stood close together at the corner of the bar, gazing at everything in the manner characteristic of the country lad on his first visit to a city. When the crowd

left, the boys examined the pool-tables, balls, racks, cues, and everything, with additional wonder.

Casey, who was of a jolly disposition, seeing an opportunity for amusement, approached the pair in a very friendly manner, and asked them if they wished to have a game. They dropped the balls as if they had been intruding; but Casey assured them there was no harm done, and that, if they wished, they might use the tables for a few games without charge. He then asked us all what we would have, and, as an inducement, drew two glasses of red lemonade also for the boys. It *was* a treat for them, and "Big Jack," as the smaller one called his friend, said:

"I kin drink more 'an one glass o' that stuff."

From his size you could not call Big Jack a boy; but from his voice, face and the simplicity of his every action he would never be called a man. Well, they played, and we enjoyed the game as much as the professional one just ended.

"Now you and I will play a game, Jack," said Casey.

"I sorter like this 'er place," said Jack, laughing foolishly, "but I never see such slippery things as them big marbles."

Casey was clever with the cue, and, of course, played about twenty balls to Jack's eight for the first few games. Despite Jack's awkwardness, he showed aptness in learning the game. He watched closely every move Casey made, and asked many simple questions. They were soon playing an even game, and none of us could account for it. Before they finished Jack was "spotting" Casey ten balls and beating him. We smoked several more havanas at Casey's expense after the boys left.

"There was no deception about it," said Casey emphatically. "He actually learned the game—however he did it—while playing with me."

At the races the next afternoon Burns and I took a seat behind a pleasant crowd of drummers and saloon men who were complimenting Casey as a successful instructor in pool-playing. The first bell rang for the free-for-all run—the most important race of the day.

"An entry for the three-minute trot!" shouted some one in the gallery.

This remark caused a roar of laughter, and all eyes turned to the main entrance where an old horse and sulky were the centre of attraction.

Several spokes of the sulky were spliced with rope and the shafts were welded in places with tin. The horse was apparently very tired. He had evidently slept in a wet barn for some nights, then rolled in the mud and stood outside to dry. His mane and tail were full of knots with burs and dried mud. One rein was of binding-twine, the other consisted of two old surcingles buckled together; the halter was of rope with wire bits attached, and wherever the horse's skin was visible from friction, could be seen pieces of untanned sheepskin tacked to the sunburned harness with the woolly side in.

"I want to run in the farmers' trot," said the driver, chasing a crowd of boys from the rear with his leather-stocked whip.

"We have no such race," said a policeman in charge of the gate, "and if we had you would not be allowed to run in it; but" he continued with a smile, "you are just in time for the free-for-all run since you want running." One of the managers happened to pass at the moment and took up the case of the excited horseman.

"The idea of chargin' me six dollars for runnin' me ole nag!" said the farmer, with a look of surprise that seemed to solicit the sympathy of all against such an outrage. No one sympathized with him, however, and he soon changed his mind by saying that he came to town to have some fun and supposed he must pay for it. The manager, glad to have such an attraction, helped to remove the miscellaneous trimmings from the new entry. The second bell rang, and four thorough-breds were loping around the track. The poor farmer had neither bridle, saddle, nor, worst of all, jockey.

"Any boy can ride that!" said the manager, looking at the old horse who was quietly nibbling at the end of a dry weed.

"I'll ride, Mister, for two dollars," said a handsome, barefooted lad.

"Two dollars *more!*" growled the old farmer, with a look that caused the youngster to crouch behind the manager.

"Yes, that's what they all get," the manager reasoned, and soon the boy was mounted without saddle or bridle, using merely the rope, halter and leather-stocked whip.

The excitement usual on race-tracks was at its height when the farmer led his charge in front of the judges' stand. Some thought he was crazy; many were angry because the race was delayed; others censured the management for thus robbing the man of six dollars

entrance fees, and from still others a hearty laugh arose. The farmer, however, looked serious, and, in answer to the secretary, gave his entry as follows: Horse, Red-Head; rider, Reilly; colors, none.

Seven glossy chargers were prancing under the wire when Reilly turned behind the starting line. He was the only rider in the bunch that could rest at ease, for Red-Head paid no attention to the excitement around him. There were no favorites in the race, and the "book-makers" placed ten-to-one against Red-Head.

After the first "call-back," Burns pulled me by the elbow, and said, rising excitedly from his seat:

"Look at that farmer and rider again!"

The next moment we were across the stretch, near the judges' stand examining the horse. As he pawed the ground I noticed a bright steel shoe. The brightness of his eyes and the determination with which he chewed the bit told us he had been on race-tracks before. At the next "line-up" the flag dropped.

"They're off!" echoed from the grand stand. Red-Head "hugged the pole" behind the bench for the first few hundred yards. At the word "Go!" our farmer made direct for the pool-sellers, and bought all the pools he could get on Red-Head before the horses had turned into the back stretch.

My friend Burns, who was also a speculator, bought a few "ten-to-one shots" just before the books were closed, "because," as he said afterwards, "I saw that the farmer was wide awake and knew what he was doing."

The home stretch is entered and Red-Head is ploughing hard with one length between him and the bunch. He is steadily gaining and growing stronger at every stride. No one would recognize him now as the old animal they saw but fifty minutes before. Red-Head passed the wire three lengths ahead, to the astonishment and disappointment of many who had "picked the winner."

Burns drew fifty dollars, while the farmer drew four hundred, besides first place in the race, which was worth five hundred more.

"Big Jack played this race as well as he did that game of pool," remarked Burns to Mr. Casey who was standing with a group of losers, almost speechless. As yet Casey had not even recognized in owner and rider his two visitors of the previous evening.

Big Jack and Reilly were better known in Casey's that night, and Jack smiled knowingly when asked about his bashfulness on first entering the billiard room. Red-Head was played as a "favorite" against all comers during the balance of the week.

Varsity Verse.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

MID pain and grief, mid smiles and tears,
We journey on life's course;
Some moments bring us love and joy,
While others bring remorse.

At morn the world is gay and bright
Beneath the glowing sun;
Yet who can tell what storms may rise
Before the day has run?

Man's life, at best, a medley is
Of poetry and prose,
Our smiles are often dimmed by tears,
Our joys are turned to woes.

To help pass weary time away,
This task we take for ours;
Our prose is for the fretful day,
Our verse for leisure hours.

Then if we cause one pleasant smile,
Or stop a single tear,
Our task is done, our work is o'er,
We give you, friends, good cheer.

P. J. R.

A LAMENT.

Alas! for the glory of Sorin Hall,
For the noble men of yore,
The "Lengthies" and "Shorties" have passed away
And the S. Ms. are no more.

The Minims and Carrolls are still in the lead,
With tennis and football galore;
But Sorin, your athletes are now of the past,
Your triumphs forever are o'er.

R.

TO THE VARSITY VERSE MAN.

You have heard of the woes of the Wandering Jew,
And the suff'rings of soldiers in Cuba;
But the young man that edits this column for you
Just at present is sending forth sighs not a few
That resemble the toots from a tuba.

Through the sweet-scented summer he wandered along
Over paths that were covered with flow'rs;
And a cherry-cheeked country maid's pretty love song
Even now fills his ears just as clear and as strong
As it did in vacation's bright hours.

But from now until June all the cool shady nooks,
And the hammocks and tennis and sailing,
Will be absent; for when not engaged with his books
He'll be busy with spasms on "sweet babbling brooks"
From the youths that for verse have a failing.

And then at the end of the present school year
They will write out a placard and pin it
Just across the wide part of a plain wooden bier,
And the top will be moistened with many a tear
For the lad from Ohio that's in it.

F. W. O'M.

The Kid.

HENRY C. STEARNS.

The men of the Delphos mine, in Lone Star, Colorado, were gathered around Barclay's hotel, where the stage-coach stops, to welcome their new superintendent. Many were the conjectures passed among the men as to what kind of a fellow he would be. Mr. Chambers, chairman of the board of directors, had written to Bill Wegman, foreman of the mines, that the new man understood his business and was afraid of nothing. He wrote also that the chairman would come with the superintendent and introduce him.

"Well," said Buck Randall, when Bill told him of the new man, "ef he ain't afeard of nuthin' and he knows what he's about he mus' be all right!"

The excitement was at its height when the coach drove up to the door. Two men got out and the coach drove off. The men broke into a cheer when they recognized Mr. Chambers, but this soon died out, and a puzzled look came into their faces. There was Mr. Chambers—that was all right—but where was the superintendent? Surely, not that slight, thin-faced young fellow! Buck whispered expressively to Bill:

"Ef that's him—?"

"I'll go and see," said Bill, and he went into the hotel after Mr. Chambers.

"We're all powerful glad teh see ye, Mister Chambers; but where's the superintendent?" Bill said as he came up to the two.

"Why, here he is," said Mr. Chambers, pointing to the young man.

Bill turned a shade paler, if such a thing were possible, as he replied:

"Why, we thought yeh was agoin' to bring a man. Ez fur this kid, he can't manage himself, much less—"

Something struck Bill at that moment. He never was quite sure what it was; but he remembered, when he was recovering consciousness, that the young man had said:

"You must take care in the future not to open your mouth too soon."

When Bill spread the news—taking care to say nothing of the blow—the men of the mine almost openly revolted. They refused to work under "an infunt."

"Him manage a mine!" said Buck Randall, "why, he ain't nuthin' but a kid."

The miners took up the word, and for a long time the new superintendent was known by no other name.

The Kid had been in Lone Star about a week contending with all kinds of difficulties, when suddenly all opposition ceased. The men received his orders silently and obeyed them quietly. To all appearances the warfare was at an end. The Kid, however, surmising that everything was not all right, resolved to be as watchful as possible. The reason the men had ceased hostilities so suddenly was that Buck Randall had said: "You fellahs leave him teh me—you'll get a new boss soon, or mah name ain't Randall."

Things went along very smoothly until one stormy evening in November, about a month after the Kid's arrival, several miners were seated around the stove in the "Golden Drop Saloon," and among them was Buck Randall. They had been talking about the Kid, and one of the men turning to Buck said:

"When are yeh goin' teh git rid of the Kid, Buck?"

Buck scowled as he watched the little kerosene lamp swinging back and forth from the ceiling. Its tin reservoir, scarred with the marks of many a battle, was roughly soldered in several places, and Buck wondered how many more times it could be patched. He pulled his revolver half way out of its holster—he was a very practical fellow. The men saw the action, but misunderstood it.

"He mus' hate the Kid like fury," said one of them. They were silent for awhile, as men expecting some impending danger. The fire roared and crackled and cast fantastic shadows on the board walls. The smoky lamp seemed merely to accentuate the shadows. Outside the wind whistled and shrieked and whirled round the end of the building as though, doomed to wander always, it desired that nothing else should have rest.

Bud Davis was throwing dice by himself at the end of the bar, and every now and then he would cast a questioning look towards the little group around the fast-reddening stove. Buck, who was about half drunk, caught sight of a bottle upon a keg in the rear of the stove. Pulling out his revolver he shot at it; "fer practice," he explained later. Every man in the place jumped to his feet and jerked out his revolver before he fully understood what had frightened him; then with an excuse for a smile upon their faces they sat down again. They stood one another now. One

of the men leaned over and whispered to his neighbor: "Reckon he'll do for the Kid to-night," pointing his thumb expressively at Buck. The Kid always came to the Golden Drop about that time in the evening to give his orders to Buck who had charge of the night shift of the mine. It had hardly become quiet in the saloon again when there was a loud stamping outside, and, with a rush of cold air, the little door burst open and the Kid came in.

In the poor light of the swinging lamp it is hard to tell just what the Kid looks like. He is slight, but carries himself so well that he appears taller than he really is. His fair hair is brushed back from his forehead. He has very blue eyes, but they have a firmness in them that saves them from being weak or effeminate.

As the Kid came toward the stove Bud Davis shouted out: "Why, Kid, this yere air must agree with yeh—yer agittin' fat."

"Say, said Buck, from behind the stove, "I kin tell you how ye can git fat adurn sight quicker.

"Why, Buck," asked the Kid in surprise, "how can I do that?"

"Drink whiskey," said Buck.

"Oh no!" said the Kid, "that would kill me in a short time."

"D'ye mean to say I lie?" exclaimed Buck furiously.

"I mean to say you are mistaken," was the cool reply.

"Well, that's about the same thing," growled Buck, as he settled back in his chair. Then, as an idea struck him, he stumbled out from behind the stove and, pulling out his revolver, he said:

"Say, Kid, I'll jess show yeh I ain't no liar. You Bud give us two measures o' whiskey."

"Now, you Kid, jess drink *that*."

"But I don't drink whiskey," said the Kid, looking appealingly around him. No one seemed to have any idea of interfering.

"You drink this time, Kid," said Buck. "Of course I don't want teh force yeh, if ye don't want to drink, but this is a hair-trigger gun and liable to go off any minute."

The Kid raised the whiskey to his lips, but hastily set it down with an ejaculation which brought forth a laugh from the crowd, who thought he was only shamming. He was about to raise the glass to his lips again when he felt a hot breath upon his cheek, and from the looking-glass he saw that Buck was leering over his shoulder.

"I want to be sure yeh don't waste any," Buck said. The Kid, without turning, suddenly threw the fiery, bad whiskey into Buck's face.

Lowering the revolver and digging his fist into his eyes, the bully stamped and roared around the saloon. The Kid snatched the revolver, and jumped upon the bar. The men did not attempt to help Buck, though they disliked the Kid. It is a passage from the unwritten code of honor in the West—a man must fight his own battles.

When the pain had gone sufficiently to allow Buck to see, he made a dash at the Kid, but stopped suddenly when he saw the revolver.

"One moment!" said the Kid. Then turning to Davis, he added: "But give me a pint of your strongest whiskey. I believe that is your favorite drink, isn't it, Buck?" he said, handing the flask to Buck.

Then his bantering tone changed and he said sternly: "Buck Randall, I am going to prove to you that whiskey kills. I give you just two minutes to drink every drop in that bottle."

"Make it one," Buck laughed. "And do I get my gun back then?" he added.

"Perhaps," said the Kid.

"Now," said the Kid, "two minutes." Hardly stopping to take breath Buck drank the whiskey.

"Now are ye satisfied?" he asked, as he threw away the flask.

"Well, Mr. Hantling," said the Kid, "of course, it is a little early in the game to make such a rash statement as to my being satisfied. You will come back to New York with me; you are wanted there."

When the Kid had spoken the name "Hantling," Buck had started as if he had been stabbed. By the time the Kid had ceased speaking Buck's face had undergone such a change he was almost unrecognizable.

"My God!" he gasped, and with a shriek turned and fled out the door. The Kid did not attempt to stop him, but turning to Bud Davis, he said:

"I think you will find him near the hitching post." Two of the men went out and returned with Buck senseless in their arms. He never recovered consciousness. His heart had been weak, and that overdose of vile whiskey and violent shock of fear ended his rascality. Afterwards the Kid said: "I bluffed simply, and he failed to call me. I saw the name upon an old envelope he had with a New York postmark on it. I wanted to frighten him; so I tried the name with the effect you have seen."

Books and Magazines.

THE TAMING OF POLLY. By Ella Loraine Dorsey. Benziger Brothers.

Miss Dorsey has at last given us the Catholic American girl. When her first tales of children's doings appeared in print and we saw how well she entered into the child spirit and how closely she imitated their methods of thought and diction, we felt sure that ultimately she would turn from the study of young manhood to that of womanhood, and give us a girl as essentially human as our first friend, Midshipman Bob, is. In her latest story she has done this; for Polly Worthington is so much a reality that we part from her regretfully as from a friend of flesh and blood. She is not the goody-goody little girl whom we detest, nor the petty-natured, bad girl who finally reforms in order to close the Sunday-school novel pleasantly. Polly is a fun-loving, American girl, with the mischief that childhood often has, but with the honesty that good instructions by Christian parents alone can give.

Her final conversion to the Church is not merely brought about to end the story nicely. It is the logical outcome of the sequence of events, for Polly is just crossing the line that separates childhood from youth, and feels in the changing influences of the sweet and tender Catholic spirit all around her. We have nothing but admiration for bold Papa Jack, with his true ideas of honor, and his dear Elizabeth, "the fairest flower of Maryland (God bless her)." But somehow we feel that both Jack and Elizabeth should be made to see the light through the medium of their daughter's pure mind and life, and we are certain that they will, although the book says nothing of their conversion.

The other characters in the book are also cleverly drawn and stand out clearly as *individuals*, not as mere cog-wheels to aid the action. The bits of conversation among the quintette of convent friends are particularly natural. The scenes too are well painted, and Miss Dorsey has shown us the true gentleness of the convent spirit, which, contributes so much to give true education. Though the average sequel is usually insipid, we feel sure that if Miss Dorsey deigns to show us Polly's entire life, the books will give us no less pleasure than "The Taming of Polly" has produced. The book is tastefully bound in blue and white.

—The September *Harper's* is a solid mass of good literature with an index of subjects so varied as to prevent monotony. The Pennells—one with the pen, the other with the brush—are very interesting in "Around London by Bicycle," and Remington, who is best able to tell the myths of the far West, writes surprisingly well for one whose reputation rested on his brilliant art work. John Fox keeps up the mountaineer interest in the Kentuckians. Her Majesty is not so good a study as the Look in a Man's Face, by Mr. Urquhart. The latter is interesting and well drawn. William Hamilton Gibson gives a scientific subject; James Barnes a glimpse of history, and A. T. Mahan the political outlook of the coming century. Mr. Henry James writes on Du Maurier and confirms the impression we have of him from his books. He, above all men, is well able to give us the key to the character of the creator of *Trilby*. Du Maurier is different from other men, as his books are different from other books. His character is seen between the lines. He was passionately fond of good music; and had the spirit of refined Bohemianism which we see in the studio of Taffy, the Laird and Billee. He is one that we would call friendly; one that loved good with his whole heart, and tried to keep on the brighter side of life. He loved tall women, as *Trilby* and *Leah Gibson*—in fact, everything that he pictured on the pages of his volumes. "The Lost Ball" is a story of incident, and interesting in its way.

—The *Cosmopolitan* opens the September number with a frontispiece of Elisha Benjamin Andrews and a rambling prospectus of its new university. It certainly will be a praiseworthy undertaking; but there is "many a slip," and there are many obstacles to be overcome. Again appears the "write-up" of the *Cosmopolitan* "printin'-house" on the Hudson with a history of how the price was lowered to ten cents. Eleanor Lewis writes of Catherine de Medici, and Julien Gordon has next place for a well-written story. Julian Hawthorne tells, in a rather uninteresting way, his views of India. After a bit of the Gold Fields, Reginald de Koven gives some good opinions of Music Halls and popular songs. E. B. Andrews writes an interesting article on Modern College Education, and gives some new views on the question, which are in part true. Four Sweethearts and a Wife is a clever bit of light narrative or study work by Frances Courtenay Baylor.

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—On last Sunday the formal opening of the new scholastic year took place. At solemn High Mass Rev. Father French acted as celebrant and the Rev. President delivered the sermon. It would be well for the students to heed the advice Father Morrissey gave them in his few well-chosen words. At times the student makes some slip out of forgetfulness or negligence; but to keep in the right road is a matter of little difficulty, and there he will find the easiest travelling.

—Whether out of a too fervent spirit of patriotism in this college world of ours, or a lack of insight, some students are in the habit of exaggerating the strength and goodly prospects for athletic teams at the beginning of each season. If the team of one season is not so good as another, there is nothing to be gained by spreading a report that it is stronger. It may be pleasant to labor under such a misapprehension for a short time. As soon, however, as the first game is played the buoyant spirit will flutter down to the things of realization, and the things that *might be* shrink into the things that *are*. If there are defects, they cannot be smoothed over by lauding to the skies the good qualities that may exist. Illusions are quick to fade.

—Much attention has been given to the G. A. R. Post soon to be organized at the University. It may be a surprise, perhaps, to the outside world; but it is a lasting proof of the patriotism and courage of many who now wear the black robe and have given themselves to the worship of their Maker. Many won fame on the field of battle; and many of the Sisters of the Holy Cross went out from their peaceful convent life to comfort the wounded and dying; and when smoke had cleared away from the battlefields, when the last rattle of musketry, the last boom of cannon died away, they went back to their lives of peace and happiness, but not forgotten by those who grew strong in their gentle care. No better proof can be given of the bravery and patriotism of members of the C. S. C. than the establishment of this post at Notre Dame. There are many more whose graves are marked by a plain cross whereon are not cast the flowers of Memorial Day.

—Founder's Day is not many moons off. On October thirteenth, St. Edward's Day, the Notre Dame University Association of Chicago will visit the scene of old joys and troubles and struggles for success, and do honor to the name of Father Sorin. To his life work the University owes its existence. He came into a wild and cheerless land, built the first log hut by the lakes, and fostered the growth of the little gathering until it became what it is now. Founder's Day should be the greatest of the college calendar. If those who left here years ago still bear enough love toward Notre Dame to make this day great, how much more should we, the present students, endeavor to make it worthy of the name of him to whose memory it is dedicated. Not many years ago the Reverend Founder himself appeared and gave greeting to the students. In response rousing cheers were given, and these things made the day a happy one. Now this cannot take place. Of our own efforts must we find some way of making the celebration worthy of the occasion; and it were well if the students would take the matter in hand, and decide upon some plan and carry it through. What is more, preparations should be made to welcome those who are to visit us, so that those who come from far off cannot be said to have more love and respect for Father Sorin than those who live within the walls he built.

The Troublesome Cigar.

The first cigar I smoked at Notre Dame, I think, caused me to unknowingly violate more rules of the institution than I have since wilfully broken; and I have been here for ten months. It is indeed amusing to me to look back upon the day I arrived, especially when I think of that troublesome cigar and my unmitigated boldness.

I recall a story which I once read, that I think has some bearing on my case. A good-hearted, law-abiding gentleman, after having settled his grocery bill (of course this part is not applicable to my case), was presented with a nice plump turkey by his groceryman—an incentive, I suppose, to repeat the action when the bill would again become large. It happened to be Christmas Day, and the favored gentleman had several matters of importance to attend to before returning home.

The clumsy bundle, naturally, became a burden to him, but all attempts to rid himself of it failed. He grew desperate. Repeatedly he offered the plump bird to friends whom he chanced to meet on the way, but each one gave an excuse of some sort for not accepting it. Then he feigned forgetfulness in leaving it on the counters of stores which he entered; but each time some red-faced little cash boy, ever eager for a "tip," would come running to him with the now detestable turkey.

As dusk came on, the much annoyed gentleman walked to the bridge which spanned the river of the town, and, as a last resort, dropped the turkey into the water. Would that this could have ended his misery, but no! In a moment, an ever-vigilant policeman, thinking the white object the body of an infant, arrested the man, and he was carted to the police station where much explanation was necessary before his innocence could be established.

The circumstances in the cases, however, are widely different. I foolishly tried to hang on to my cigar; whereas, the hero of this little story endeavored to rid himself of the object of his misery.

I had finished my first meal at Notre Dame, and strolled leisurely out of the refectory door and on to the porch of the main building, where I took from my pocket a cigar. I vacated my seat on the porch for a walk

among the gardens in front of St. Edward's Hall.

"Ah!" thought I—as in and out of the winding paths I strolled—"for a student to be allowed to recline on one of these rustic benches with a book in one hand and a trusty meerschaum in the other!"

Just then I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder; and I turned suddenly about to find one of the prefects standing by my side and glancing first at my cigar and then at me. I supposed that he wanted a cigar, but felt a little hesitancy in asking for it. (What a foolish thought!) Well, I reached into my pocket to hand him one, when he interrupted me with the remark

"Are you a student?"

"Oh! yes—yes," said I, all the time hunting for a cigar and fearing lest he would think I was trying to deceive him.

"Well," he continued, "I suppose you know that smoking is strictly forbidden over here."

"Indeed, how very foolish of me," I rejoined, as I walked slowly out of the garden, leaving him standing there alone. A few minutes later I drifted into the reading-room. As the gray curls ascended over my head, I noticed that several of the students were looking rather suspiciously at me; some were smiling. The cause of their pleasure puzzled me. I began to wonder if my cigar was not an unusually poor one; but as I saw no one else smoking, I came to the conclusion that it was merely a foreign quantity. I soon changed my mind. One of the boys approached, and, in a very gentlemanly way, assured me that I would likely get into trouble if I continued smoking in the reading-room. The next minute found me making a "bee-line" for the campus where I hoped to finish the confounded cigar in peace. But peace came not; something else came.

A prefect, who chanced to see the red light from my cigar on the campus soon cornered me, and immediately sang into my tired ear the same old song: "Smoking not allowed here."

I grew desperate. "For heaven's sake!" I cried, "will you please direct me to a place within a radius of two miles where I may finish this cigar without interruption?"

"Follow me," said the prefect. I did so, and he pointed out a small square. No sooner had I put the cigar to my lips than another prefect approached me. For fear of being again held up, I threw down the stump and sat twirling my thumbs—but the prefect merely said, "Good evening," and passed on. L. C. M. R.

Athletics.

The Athletic season for the scholastic year of '97-'98 is about to open, and it may be well to sound a note of warning, lest the students entertain expectations disproportioned to the prospects.

Baseball may be readily dismissed with the assurance that the records of last spring's team will, with the same team back, in addition to new material, be equalled, if not surpassed. Basket-ball and track athletics are new to the College, as regards systematic training, and the efforts of the students are necessary to place them on the plane of baseball and football.

At the present time we are more immediately concerned with football. There can be little doubt that this is the most popular of all college games, and the most distinctly representative of college spirit. The Notre Dame team of '96 made an enviable record which the present team is expected to equal, at least,—to eclipse if possible. Can they do it? This is the question all-absorbing and the one we should calmly consider. Of last year's team four members are back—Kegler, Schillo, Mullen and Daly. These men with the coaching and experience of last year will form a nucleus, small but reliable, around which a successful team may be built.

The loss of Fagan, '96 centre, will be hard to replace. Several men have the weight necessary to play the position; but the distinctive quality of a good centre, "foxiness," is more essential than weight. The efforts of Lynns and Leib will be watched anxiously, with the hope that they may prove worthy of filling Fagan's place. Both of '96 guards were graduated, and we thereby lost five hundred pounds of football "beef." These positions will not be as difficult to fill as centre. Eggeman, Mowrey and Niezer have the requisite weight and activity; lack of experience will be remedied with every game. All the available candidates have not yet appeared, and some man who has not put on a jacket may make a good guard. The most difficult positions to fill—as far as the ability of the players is concerned—are the tackle positions. It is not undervaluing opposing tackles when we assert that Hanley and Moritz outplayed all opponents who lined up against them in '96. This position is the most vulnerable point in the line; consequently most plays are hurled against the man who fills it. He must be aggressive, active, strategic and

full of nerve. The physical strain is greatest on the man filling this place. Among the probable candidates are Schillo, Hesse and Leib. On the positions of tackle and centre depend, to a great extent, the showing of the '97 team as compared with that of '96.

A survey of the other positions and the candidates striving to fill them is very encouraging. John Mullen, steady, sure and aggressive, will compare with any left end in the West. Howells and Healy are trying for right end, and whoever gets it will play it as well as it was played in '96.

Back of the line Kegler at full-back is our main strength, and his punting is counted on to equalize any superiority other teams may have in the line. His line-bucking should not be forgotten, and will earn many touchdowns. Daly, left half-back of '96, has not yet appeared in a suit, but if he should his ability will make him a rival worthy of all competitors. Powers will fill one of the half-back positions, if he plays. His coolness and the inspiration he infuses into fellow-players have been demonstrated in baseball. These qualities will make him invaluable to the football team. His quickness in starting and speed in running, his weight and his build will help him to make the greatest half-back the College has had. Farley, a member of the *Entre Nous* Team—a well-known amateur eleven of Patterson, N. J.—is a likely candidate for a position back of the line. Other strong candidates are Wheeler of '95, Monahan, Fleming, Falvey and Williams.

The subject of most interest is quarter-back. This is, by all odds, the most important position on the team. The man who fills it must be quick, and never lose sight of the weak points in the opponent's line. For this place Waters and Naughton are both trying. Both are light men and quick. To whom it will go is uncertain. Waters has had experience on the Denver Athletic Club Football Team, but Naughton is a good man.

It is to be hoped that all those who have weight will do all they can to aid the team. Many new men turn out to be the best players. Since athletics are wholly in the hands of the students, everyone without exception should devote all energy to make them successful for the present year. The adoption of an "Amateur" rule is most praiseworthy; and if the students themselves take full interest in the team, and give their services when called upon, success will not be far off.

Exchanges.

Judging from the small number of exchanges that have reached the SCHOLASTIC office during the past week, the college editors are loath to put away their outing clothes, hang up their tennis-rackets and get to work. The delay is partly due to the fact that some of the larger institutions have not yet begun the year's work; but even so there should be enough in the field to keep the presses going merrily.

The Young Catholic, an illustrated magazine for boys and girls, published at the office of the *Catholic World*, contains many things in the September number that will delight Young America. There is an article on "The United States Naval Cadet" that describes life at Annapolis in an interesting manner—a theme of interest to every boy in the land.

Le Couteulx Leader is a school paper that will be read with much interest, because it is edited and published by deaf-mutes—pupils of Le Couteulx St. Mary's Deaf-Mute Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Many of the articles are clipped from other papers, and some of the verse and stories are written by the priests; but there is a plenty of contributions from the students, and, although somewhat amateurish, they are well written. It is interesting to note that without exception the students write on things they have lately seen; and the more than ordinary pleasure they experience in simply looking at objects shows that they are in a great measure compensated for the loss of their powers of hearing and of voice.

We have also received a copy of *The Literary Digest* of September 18. The many departments of the *Digest*—Topics of the Day, Letters and Art, Science, The Religious World, From Foreign Lands, Miscellaneous,—are all as bright as usual. We must take exception, however, to the article, Religion and Church in Mexico. The writer, who is a Protestant, knows nothing of the Catholic Church, and makes the mistake of writing about "sacrificed to Mary," etc. In one paragraph he says: "Finally in 1861 President Juarez succeeded in confiscating all Church properties, abrogating all ecclesiastical orders, and proclaiming absolute religious freedom." That sentence is just a trifle paradoxical, to say the least.

Our Friends.

—The Misses McCarthy, cousins of Mr. Paul Ragan of Sorin Hall, spent several enjoyable days at Notre Dame during the past week.

—Mr. James C. Smith, a student during the sixties brought his son to Notre Dame last week. Many of his old friends here have gone, but there still remained enough to give him a hearty welcome.

—Mr. Joseph M. Toner, student of '89-'90, formerly of Petulunna, is now engaged in business in San Francisco, and through his well-known business ability, industry and honesty is obtaining well-merited success.

—One of Notre Dame's most loyal sons, Mr. Francis J. Hagenbarth, was married on August the 4th at Brownes, Mont., to Miss May E. Browne. Mr. and Mrs. Hagenbarth have begun house-keeping in Goldburg, Idaho.

—On September 1st Mr. George F. Menig, a former student of the University, was married to Miss Lucy Mathias in St. Joseph's Church, Chicago. Mr. Menig is the successor to his father in a very prominent business in Danville, Ill. Happiness in life is the wish of the SCHOLASTIC.

—A late number of the *Elkhart Daily Truth* contains a glowing tribute to the sterling qualities of Captain O. T. Chamberlain. The SCHOLASTIC heartily agrees with the *Truth* in all that it says about Captain Chamberlain, for he is one of the most cultured gentlemen and thorough scholars that ever went out of Notre Dame.

—Right Reverend Edward Joseph Dunne, Dallas, Texas, accompanied by Reverends R. Dunne, Hugh O'Gara McShane, LL. D., '94, and Thomas F. O'Gara were guests of the Reverend President on Thursday last. It is hoped the distinguished gentleman and his companions will find time to make a more extended call next time.

—Mr. George W. Myers, who was a student at Notre Dame from '83 to '86, paid us a very welcome visit during the past week. Mr. Myers knew few of the present students, but he was pleasantly entertained by the members of the Faculty and the prefects, who recalled with pleasure his past achievements in the classroom and on the diamond.

—Mr. Charles E. Wheeler, who was a Notre Dame student during the early seventies, and who has a son at present in Brownson Hall, has become a member of the well-known law firm of Hubbard and Dawley, of Cedar Rapids, counsellors for the Chicago and Northwestern and general solicitors. The *Cedar Rapids Gazette* says: "Frank F. Dawley and N. M. Hubbard, Jr., with Mr. Wheeler, will make a team of trial lawyers without a superior in the West."

Local Items.

—Wynne has been engaged to supply power for a New Jersey air-ship.

—Sen-Sen Willie is a recent addition to the "Satellites" of Brownson Hall.

—Shea is giving daily exhibitions of his new system of rapid transit down stairs.

—Lost.—A three-blade, bone-handle pen-knife. Return to room 81, Sorin Hall.

—"Chief Bugler" Waggy is back. Now is the time to organize the military company.

—Cypher wanted to know why the carrier pigeons had not been kept and trained to carry in the boots.

—The Carroll "gym" is crowded every evening with basket-ball enthusiasts who display more zeal than science.

—"If thou hast a friend both kind and true, change not the old one for the new." That doesn't apply to wash-stands.

—Alfred Becker was elected captain of the Junior Special football team by almost a unanimous vote last Saturday.

—The Junior Specials played an exciting game of football Sunday against a team of Seniors. The score was 0 to 0.

—Let us see—isn't this the season for tops? But, then, we haven't Bones, Goldie, or any of the old fellows with us. Shoot!

—Sam Spaulding says the temperature in Kentucky this summer was boiling, and he thinks he inhaled too much of it.

—Duperier says he had a close shave getting past the quarantine in Louisiana. He has the proof of it too—right under his hat.

—The familiar phrase, "Gimme, a drag?" has not been heard very much this year. Give 'em time to get acquainted with one another.

—Somewhere between Rome, Georgia and South Bend, Ind., is one J. Gillespie Johnson. He is, of course, coming *via* the railroad train.

—Lynds says he wears No. 8½ shoes, but Rosey's old football shoes are a tight fit for him. There is a mistake somewhere as Rosey wore No. 11.

—Who was the man that carried his friend's trunk up to the third flat in Sorin Hall, and, becoming angry with the friend later, carried it down again?

—Those wishing to become members of the Fire Department will be present at the hose house in the rear of the Infirmary on next Thursday at 11 a. m.

—Frank is the official punster of Carroll Hall. Here is one of his death dealers. A boy on our table asked for "seconds," and then we had a duel.

—Schillo refuses to part with the old serge coat that Jim Brown gave him. He says he

is willing to endure the frost to keep alive the happy memories of the "fourth flat."

—A team of Juniors played baseball against a nine of Seniors, Thursday. The game broke up in the third inning with the score, 6 to 4 in favor of the Juniors.

—Professor O'Malley is organizing a debating society, to be composed of the members of the three English classes—Literature, Criticism and Belles-Lettres.

—The night was calm—not a leaf trembled—all nature seemed asleep, but it wasn't. The stillness was broken only by the soothing words: "Come, Jack! Pretty Jack."

—Many new books have been added to the Law Library, among them being Crowley on Notes; Gregg on Bargain and Sale; Eggeman on Weights and Measures; Brucker on Private Wrongs.

—Peter the Punster has just received a job-lot of those "Golden-Specials." It is on account of such fellows as Peter that rules forbidding smoking in the building have to be established.

—The Tennis Club will reorganize for the year. A meeting will be held Sunday afternoon at 2.30, p. m in the room adjoining the Brownson reading-room, to effect the organization.

—1ST STUDENT:—What was that awful crash the other night?

2D STUDENT:—Why, Eggeman attempted to stretch while in bed, and the foot-board flew out of the window.

—A neat little poster, got out by the Fox Cracker Company, Fort Wayne, Ind., was designed by our own Bob Fox. He used Bob Barry as a study in making the picture, and the likeness is very true.

—Dowd says he selected a room in the rear of Sorin Hall so that he could watch the beautiful sunsets. Those who have "tower" rooms will now wish they had looked at the matter in the light Dowd did when he took his room. Good head, John!

—Our readers will be pleased to hear that the management has secured for publication in serial form the jokes in Lander's Compendium of Humor. This will be the exclusive publication of these jokes in America. The German right has been sold to the "Fleigiende Blätter."

—A special Fifth Latin class has been formed. It is the intention to have the class cover, during the present scholastic year, the work of the regular Fifth and Fourth Latin classes; or in other words, they are expected to do two years' work in one. Father Scheier has charge of the class.

—The Anti-Tobacco User's League, organized by Hindle, cordially supported by Weadock and condemned by McKenzie, has gone into the hands of a receiver. The primary cause is the absence of all duty on plug-tobacco and

the increased tariff on chewing gum and licorice.

—Captain Becker has picked the men for the Carroll Special Football Team. Here are their names and positions: Full-back, P. M. Kuntz; half-backs, Armijo and Becker; quarter-back, McNichols; ends, J. Kuntz, Girsch; tackles, McCarthy, R. Murray; guards, Mueller and Morrissey; Centre, Enoch.

—A special meeting of the Athletic Association was called Monday for the purpose of appointing a committee to draw up amendments to be added to the constitution. The committee appointed were F. E. Hering, W. C. Kegler, R. G. O'Malley, W. P. Monahan, Frank O'Shaughnessy. Instructions were given them to report to the regular meeting on Thursday.

—The new Elocution class, under the direction of Professor Carmody, promises to be very interesting. The members are now going through a thorough course of preliminary work, consisting of exercises for the development of the lungs and to promote ease and grace in delivery. Later the class will enter upon a thorough elocutionary course of study of the Shaksperian Dramas. It would be well for every student to avail himself of this splendid opportunity and enter early.

—The crews selected for the fall races are as follows: *Golden Jubilee*—Fox, No. 1; Bauwens, No. 2; Crowley, No. 3; Hartung, No. 4; Landers, No. 5; Tong, Captain and Stroke; Moorhead, Coxwain. *Silver Jubilee*—Falvey, No. 1; Kearney, No. 2; Thams, No. 3; Callahan, No. 4; Wolverton, No. 5; Rahe, Captain and Stroke; Touhy, Coxwain. John Daly and C. J. Baab will captain the second crews.

—A meeting of the Athletic Association was called in the Brownson reading-rooms Thursday, Sept. 23. The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted. Chairman on amends reported that the committee was ready with the constitutional amendments. The same were read, and upon motion of F. O'Malley were adopted. The following officers were chosen for the current year:—Promoter, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; Directors Brother Hugh and Brother Lawrence; President, Col. Hoynes; Vice-President, Wm. Benitz; Recording Secretary, F. Dukette; Corresponding Secretary,—Lieb; Executive Committee, Sorin Hall, William Kegler and E. Delaney; Brownson Hall, A. McDonald and F. O'Shaughnessy; Field Reporter, L. C. Weadock.

—In times gone by Dr. William Onahan of Chicago, one of Notre Dame's distinguished friends and alumni contributed much towards the University library. He has lately added to his already princely gift a donation of some five hundred volumes. These include quite a number of books of special interest to students making research in American history. There are also several complete sets of magazines and periodicals. Any one acquainted with the Doctor's love for books and study

will readily surmise that the library has acquired by this generous offer much that is rare and good. Might we not now suggest that others of our friends and graduates imitate the good Doctor's liberality?

—The Treasurer of the Athletic Association will be selected by the executive committee this week, and his presence will soon be felt. The position is an onerous one; but the task can be lightened by prompt payment of the dues. For the benefit of new students it might be well to state that all are expected to become members of the association. It is from the dues of the members that revenue is derived to pay the guarantees of visiting teams, and all other expense incurred throughout the season. There is no admission charge to students holding membership tickets, but those who do not will be charged the regular admission of fifty cents for each game. This rule will be strictly enforced.

—The following are the amendments made to the Athletic Constitution:

ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION I.—No student shall be allowed to play on any team for a period longer than six years; four of which shall be as undergraduate, two of which shall be as post-graduate.

SECTION II.—No person shall be a member of any athletic team representing the University unless he be a *bona fide* student taking the full course of studies. All persons who have received compensation for athletic services shall be debarred from the athletic teams. This rule to take effect October 1st, 1897, and any provision of this rule not to affect any student now in college for previous athletic standing.

SECTION III.—No student whose class standing during the current session shall fall below 75 shall be a member of any athletic team.

SECTION IV.—No student of the University shall be entitled to wear the official monogram unless he shall have played in two championship games. The names of all such persons entitled to wear the monogram shall be passed upon by the executive committee and published in the SCHOLASTIC at the end of each session.

AMENDMENT TO ARTICLE V.

SECTION III., CLAUSE II.—The Treasurer of the Athletic Association shall be elected semi-annually by the executive committee of the preceding session.

AMENDMENT TO ARTICLE II.

SECTION IV.—An alternate manager shall be chosen by the executive committee to act, in case the manager may not find it possible to do so.

AMENDMENT TO ARTICLE I.

SECTION VI.—An alternate captain shall be chosen by the team to act, in case the captain may not find it possible to do so.

—After a day's hard toil in the hot fields he gathered together the fruits of his labor—seventeen nice, juicy cantaloupes—mounted his wheel, and started for the University, a distance of three miles. To make a short story long: he arrived fagged out but joyful, put the seventeen juicy "boys" on the table in his room, rubbed his hands in satisfaction, and then went to a neighbor's room to borrow a knife; but when he returned, alas, the melons—every blasted one of them—had disappeared. That is why he rent the air with naughty epithets.

—The question as to whether or not Finger Frank is entitled to wear a monogram upon the bosom of his sweater has been the subject of warm debate on the Brownson campus. From the vast amount of evidence and expert testimony that has been introduced in the defense of Mr. Taylor's position, it appears that the small circular badge is but a feeble recompense for the work he has done. When he was a Carrollite he dedicated a finger to the good cause of basket-ball. In the Championship series of the baseball team last year he served in the capacity of bat carrier, both on the home grounds and at Spring Brook Park, South Bend. During the football season a year ago he kept Hously, the trainer, supplied with cigarette paper and tobacco. In track athletics his usefulness has not been discovered, but he will be a good man to carry the hammer back after the throw. Such a person is certainly entitled to display a visible mark of athletic excellence.

—The clock in the church tower struck the hour of eleven. All was quiet in Sorin Hall, save for the occasional "smack-smack" of the massive "chew" in Bill's face. Poolskamp had gone up and down stairs for the last time, and Mott had ceased his evening lullaby. Of a sudden a terrific shriek broke the stillness of the night. Huge pieces of it rolled down stairs and small particles flew in every direction. The brooms in the corner set up a regular Indian war-dance, and the new wash-basins slid down the banister. Joseph ran his fingers nervously through the jungles of his auburn beard, and "Silent Pete" rolled over in bed. Fitz trembled so violently that he looked as if he were doing the hootchie-kootchie. Again that terrible, penetrating voice rang out through the halls: "My Jack! my Jack! my pretty Jack!" A panic seemed inevitable; doors flew open, patent fire-escapes were brought into play and the greatest excitement prevailed. Down in the hallway, in the midst of all the tumult, quietly sat the object of the shrieks, the pitiable lamentations and the fond caresses which followed—nothing more or less than a little bird, but the idol of its owner. Yes, there sat little Jack. He had merely gone from his prettily bedecked cage in search of a glass of beer. But he was reluctantly returned without the desired "swig," and quiet again reigned.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Atherton, Aver, Brown, Brucker, Byrne, P. Carney, A. Carney, Dukette, Duane, Delaney, Dowd, Ergmann, Falvey, Fennessey, Foulks, Grady, Haley, Hesse, Kegler, Krause, Magruder, Mingey, McDonough, J. Murphy, W. Murphy, Meyer, Meyers, Mullen, E. Murphy, McConn, Mott, McCarrick, Niezer, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Palmer, Piquette, Pulskamp, Rowan, Rahe, Reed, Steiner, Sheehan, Weadock, Wurzer.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Adams, Armijo, Baab, Barry, Blish, J. Bouza, F. Bouza, W. Berry, Burke, Bowens, Baloun, Bourn, Burnn, Callahan, Crowley, Cavanaugh, Condon, Crunican, Cypher, Conway, Corby, Crawford, Donahoe, Dooley, Delaney, Dalton, Donovan, Domingues, Dwyer, Drejer, Devine, Daly, F. Dillon, Darst, Dellone, J. Dillon, Eyan-son, Ensign, Farragher, Farley, Fetherston, Fitzwilliam, Foster, Franey, Fleming, M. Flannigan, C. Flannigan, Funk, Follen, Fox, Foley, Guerra, Glynn, Glasheen, Guilfoyle, Gainer, Graham, C. Garza, R. Garza, Gilbert, Herbert, Harrington, Hubbard, Hoover, Healy, Hune-mann, Hartung, Hagerty, Hay, Holahan, C. Hunter, P. Hunter, D. Hunter, S. Hunter, Hayes, Howell, Henry, Hesse, Heffelfinger, Jennings, Jackson, Kehoe, Kellner, Kuppler, Klein, Koehler, Lins, Lampert, Longan, Mc-Kenney, McCallan, McKenzie, McNichols, McDonald, Merz, Miller, Metcalf, Mulcrone, Monahan, Morris, Moorehead, Murray, Newell, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, O'Reilly, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, O'Connor, Pickett, Posselins, J. Ryan, F. Ryan, Reuss, Reed, Reising, Revels, Scheubert, Sullivan, Shiels, Sherman, St. Louis, Sauers, Stuhlfauth, Schwartz, Summers, Schermerhorn, Scott, Tomlison, F. Taylor, Thams, R. Wilson, Welker, Walters, F. Ward, Wynn, Wheeler, Williams, J. Ward, W. Ward, M. Wilson, G. Willson, Wageman.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Block, Britt, F. Brown, Braun, Barrett, L. Beardslee, G. Beardslee, Bligh, H. Brown, Becker, Bellingier, Berger, Clement, Crowley, Clyne, Carney, Condon, Curtis, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Duggan, Davidson, Dinneen, Dansett, Edgerton, Ellwanger, Fink, Furlong, Ferstel, Frank, Freedman, Fleming, Girsch, N. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gibbons, Hinze, Hickman, Hickey, Hogan, Hunter, Hoban, Hubbell, Joyce, Jurelich, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, F. Kasper, R. Kasper, Krug, Kirkland, G. Kasper, Kelly, Luken, Land, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Michels, Morgan, Moxley, Mooney, A. Mueller, N. Mueller, R. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, Meagher, T. Murray, McFarlane, McConnell, McDonnell, J. McMahon, E. McCarthy, T. McCarthy, McSorley, McNichols, Noonan, Naughton, Nolan, Ordetx, O'Malley, O'Brien, Pelritz, Padden, Potter, Pulford, Phillips, Page, Putnam, Quinlan, Ryan, Richon, Staples, Smith, Stengel, Slevin, Shea, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Schmitt, Schoonover, Spillard, Ward St. Clair, Wheelock, Weidmann, Wert, Welch.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters. Abercrombie, Abrahams, Arnold, Bosworth, P. Bortell, C. Bortell, T. Butler, W. Butler, Beanero, Clark, Cunnea, Casparis, Cressy, Davis, Dessauer, Dougherty, Donahoe, Downer, Dyer, Ervin, F. Ebbert, G. Ebbert, Frost, Fleischer, Fleming, J. Fogerty, F. Fogerty, A. Fuchs, C. Fuchs, Frain, Griffith, Guilbault, Hall, L. Hart, J. Hart, Hinsey, Huleatt, Houser, Jonquet, T. Jackson, G. Jackson, Kelly, W. Kelner, O. Kelner, Lawton, Leclercque, Lockwood, McCarthy, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, P. McBride, A. McFarland, C. McFarland, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, M. McMahon, R. McMaster, B. McMaster, P. Manion, E. Manion, F. Phillip, G. Phillip, Paul, Rob-bins, Strong, Sinnott, St. Clare, Seymour, Trentman, Topper, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, Veneziani, Weidmann, Wigg, Weber, Wilde.